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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN;

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AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.



THE
FORTY-SEVENTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE THIRD VOLUME
OF
P O P E.

VOL. XLVII.

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THE
P O E M S
OF
P O P E.

VOL. XLVII.

B



THE
D U N C I A D:

IN
F O U R B O O K S.

WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE
HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND
NOTES VARIORUM.



A
L E T T E R
TO THE
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the first correct
EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the *DUNCIAD*, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a *COMMENTARY*: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and

suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the inclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite for-

gotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *DUNCIAD*. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the

world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare,

since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles^a, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will

^a Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But omitting that two or three of these offenders in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons

and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their ac-

quaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and

a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations^b. But the resemblance holds in

^b Essay on Criticism in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Robotton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhout, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of fa-

shion^c. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITO-*

^c As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

REM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your most humble Servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22d, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND^d.

^d This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

D U N C I A D:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

VOL. XLVII.

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DENNIS' REMARKS ON PRINCE ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the poetasters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting

the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—
The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the
critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender
to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against failures
in genius, or against the pretensions of writing
without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the
DUNCIAD,

A Satire upon Dulness is a thing that has been
used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee,
wicked Scribbler!

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TESTIMONIES
OF
AUTHORS
CONCERNING
OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the distance of a few months, appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judg-

ment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith^a, he was educated at home; another^b, that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jesuits; a third^c, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth^d, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith^e, he was kept

^a Giles Jacob's *Lives of the Poets*, vol. ii. in his *Life*.

^b Dennis's *Reflections on the Essay on Crit.* ^c *Dunciad* dissected, p. 4. ^d *Guardian*, N^o 40. ^e Jacob's *Lives*, &c. vol. ii.

by his father on purpose; a second^f, that he was an itinerant priest; a third^g, that he was a parson; one^h calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; anotherⁱ, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one^k supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another^l, a husbandman; another^m, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildonⁿ: “Certain it is, that his original is not from
“Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth no-
“thing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance
“of his infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

^f Dunciad dissected, p. 4. ^g Farmer P. and his son.
^h Dunciad dissected. ⁱ Characters of the times, p. 45.
^k Female Dunciad, p. ult. ^l Dunciad dissected. ^m Roome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729. ⁿ Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his
 “ thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions
 “ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his
 “ rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty,
 “ we have something that is very mean; instead of
 “ gravity, something that is very boyish; and in-
 “ stead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but
 “ too often obscurity and confusion.” And in an-
 other place: “ What rare numbers are here! Would
 “ not one swear that this youngster had espoused
 “ some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a di-
 “ vorce from some superannuated sinner, upon ac-
 “ count of impotence, and who, being poxed by
 “ the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid
 “ age, which makes her hobble so damnably.”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hyper-critical historian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criti-*
 “ *cism* in verse; but if any more curious reader has
 “ discovered in it something new, which is not in
 “ Dryden’s prefaces, dedications, and his essay on
 “ dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics,

° Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, *An Essay on Criticism*. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

"I should be very glad to have the benefit of the
"discovery ^p."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by
the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great respect to our Poet, not naming
him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the
Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dry-

den, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth ^q :
"As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c.
"both in verse and prose, that have been written
"by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but
"hackney the same thoughts over again, making
"them still more trite. Most of their pieces are
"nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place.
"Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown
"out several things which plainly shew, he thought
"an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he
"was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose
that of

Mr. ADDISON.

"The Art of Criticism (saith he), which was
"published some months since, is a master-piece in
"its kind. The observations follow one another
"like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that
"methodical regularity which would have been re-

^p Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the
author of the Critical History of England.

^q Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53.

^r Spectator, N^o 253.

“ quifite in a profe writer. They are fome of them
“ uncommon, but fuch as the reader muft affent to,
“ when he fees them explained with that eafe and
“ perfpicuity in which they are delivered. As for
“ thofe which are the moft known and the moft re-
“ ceived, they are placed in fo beautiful a light, and
“ illustrated with fuch apt allufions, that they have
“ in them all the graces of novelty; and make the
“ reader, who was before acquainted with them,
“ ftill more convinced of their truth and folidity.
“ And here give me leave to mention what Mon-
“ fieur Boileau has fo well enlarged upon in the pre-
“ face to his works: that wit and fine writing doth
“ not confift fo much in advancing things that are
“ new, as in giving things that are known an agree-
“ able turn. It is impoffible for us, who live in the
“ latter ages of the world, to make obfervations in
“ criticifm, morality, or any art or fcience, which
“ have not been touched upon by others; we have
“ little elfe left us, but to represent the common
“ fenfe of mankind in more ftrong, more beautiful,
“ or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines
“ Horace’s Art of Poetry, he will find but few pre-
“ cepts in it which he may not meet with in Arif-
“ tole, and which were not commonly known by
“ all the poets of the Auguftan age. His way of
“ expreffing, and applying them, not his invention
“ of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the
“ fame kind of fublime, which he obferves in the

“ several passages that occasioned them : I cannot
 “ but take notice that our English author has after
 “ the same manner exemplified several of the pre-
 “ cepts in the very precepts themselves.” He then
 produces some instances of a particular beauty in the
 numbers, and concludes with saying, that “ there
 “ are three poems in our tongue of the same na-
 “ ture, and each a master-piece in its kind ! The
 “ Essay on Translated Verse ; the Essay on the Art
 “ of Poetry ; and the Essay on Criticism.”

OF WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment
 of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

“ * That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ
 “ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John
 “ Denham : the author of it is obscure, is ambigu-
 “ ous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous.”

But the author of the Dispensary †,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs
 from this opinion : “ Those who have seen these
 “ two excellent poems of Cooper’s Hill, and Wind-
 “ for Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham,
 “ the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of
 “ candor if they approve of this.”

Of the Epistle to ELOISA, we are told by the ob-
 scure writer of a poem called Sawney, “ That be-
 “ cause Prior’s Henry and Emma charmed the finest

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope’s
 Homer, 1717.

† Printed 1728, p. 12.

“ tastes, our Author writ his Eloisa in opposition
 “ to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you
 “ take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce
 “ desires, all the rest is of no value.” In which,
 methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French
 taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: “ All
 “ this is very fine; but take away the river, and it
 is good for nothing.”

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* ^u,

O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
 Thy tale will justify this truth:
 But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
 Adorns a nobler Poet's song:
 Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
 With kind concern and skill has weav'd
 A filken web; and ne'er shall fade
 Its colours: gently has he laid
 The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
 And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*,
 celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to
 mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our
 Author) yet styleth this a “ laudable translation w.”

^u *Alma*, Cant. 2.

w In his *Essays*, vol. 1. printed for E. Curll.

That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it*, “ The spirit of Homer breathes all
 “ through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether
 “ I should most admire the justness to the original, or
 “ the force and beauty of the language, or the
 “ sounding variety of the numbers : but when I find
 “ all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the
 “ poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone
 “ raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that
 “ two common men could not lift from the ground ;
 “ just so, one single person has performed in this
 “ translation, what I once despaired to have seen
 “ done by the force of several masterly hands.” In-
 deed the same gentleman appears to have changed
 his sentiments in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in
 Reputation (printed in *Mist’s Journal*, March 30,
 1728), where he says thus : “ In order to sink in
 “ reputation, let him take it into his head to descend
 “ into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how
 “ the devil he got there), and pretend to do him
 “ into English, so his version denote his neglect of the
 “ manner how.” Strange variation ! We are told in

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8.

“ That this translation of the *Iliad* was not in all re-
 “ spects conformable to the fine taste of his friend

* *Censor*, vol. ii. n. 33.

“ Mr. Addison ; infomuch that he employed a
 “ younger Muse in an undertaking of this kind,
 “ which he supervised himself.” Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words :

Mr. ADDISON'S FREEHOLDER, N^o 40.

“ When I consider myself as a British freeholder,
 “ I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.”

As to the rest there is a slight mistake, for this younger Muse was an elder : nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before *v*. Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our Author in this work appeareth

v Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728.)

"publish such an author as he has least studied, and
 "forget to discharge even the dull duty of an edi-
 "tor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his
 "name (for a competent sum of money) to pro-
 "mote the credit of an exorbitant subscription."
 Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the
 Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some
 months after the former assertion) in the same Jour-
 nalist of June 8, "The bookseller proposed the
 "book by subscription, and raised some thousand
 "of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman
 "did not share in the profits of this extravagant
 "subscription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

"the sequel of that work, the Odyssæy; and having
 "secured the success by a numerous subscription, he
 "employed some underlings to perform what, ac-
 "cording to his proposals, should come from his
 "own hands." To which heavy charge we can
 in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.),

" I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson : and that the benefit of this Propofal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in another of MIST's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, " That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublimity, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold ! these underlings are become good writers !

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance ; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of

“ the whole body of our nobility, and transferred
 “ his powerful interests with those great men to this
 “ rising bard, who frequently levied by that means
 “ unusual contributions on the Public.” Which
 surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad*
Dissected reporteth, Mr. Wycherley had before
 “ introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with
 “ the greatest peers and brightest wits then liv-
 “ ing.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his
 “ body lifeless, but this author, reviving his re-
 “ sentment, libelled the memory of his departed
 “ friend; and what was still more heinous, made
 “ the scandal public.” Grievous the accusation!
 unknown the accuser! the person accused, no
 witness in his own cause; the person, in whose re-
 gard accused, dead! But if there be living any one
 nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman
 whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our
 Author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear!
Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica
veritas. In verity, the whole story of the libel is a
 lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several
 years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and
 approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a
 friendly rebuke sent privately in our Author's own
 hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made pub-
 lic, till after their own Journals, and Curll had
 printed the same. One name alone, which I am
 here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince

this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“ z Upon reading the third volume of Pope’s Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man’s works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady

z Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“^a The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our Author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs,

^a Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the “ contempt he had for the work of “ that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a “ design he declared himself to have of exposing “ it.” This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted: not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our Author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
sums up his character in these lines:

- “ ^b And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
- “ As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
- “ Unless I justly could at once commend
- “ A good companion, and as firm a friend;

^b Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,

" Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" ^c Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou

" chuse,

" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?

" Though each great ancient court thee to his

" shrine,

" Though every laurel through the dome be thine,

" Go to the good and just, and awful train!

" Thy foul's delight,——"

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

" ^d Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!

" Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays,

" Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,

" And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line,

" Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,

" Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse,

" A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,

" Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil man-

^c Poem prefixed to his works.

^d In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

ners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

“ * Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses
“ train,

“ Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?”

Mr. MALLEY,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

“ Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;

“ For wit supreme, is but his second praise;”

Mr. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

“ Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,

“ In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,

“ And trace the author through his moral page,

“ Whose blameless life still answers to his song.”

Mr. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical Poem of the Seasons:

“ Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,

“ Yet is his life the more endearing song.”

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME,

“ † Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,

“ From thy own life transcribe th' unnering laws.”

And, to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's :

* Universal Passion, Sat. i.

† In his Poems, and at the end of the Odysey.

" A soul with every virtue fraught,
 " By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught.
 " Whose filial Piety excells
 " Whatever Grecian story tells.
 " A genius for each business fit,
 " Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: " A little affected hypocrite, " who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, " friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, " that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his " contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which was just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and acquaintance " commend them. He seems to have a particular " pique to people of quality, and authors of that " rank.—He must derive his religion from St. " Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, " Though he is a professor of the worst religion, " yet he laughs at it;" but that, " nevertheless,

“ he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the
“ church of England.”

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring in *Mist's Journal* of
June 22, 1718, “ That, if he is not shrewdly abused,
“ he made it his practice to cackle to both parties
“ in their own sentiments.” But, as to his pique
against people of quality, the same Journalist doth
not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), “ He had, by
“ some means or other, the acquaintance and friend-
“ ship of the whole body of our nobility.”

However contradictory this may appear, Mr.
Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make
it all plain, by assuring us, “ That he is a creature
“ that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast,
“ and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at
“ one and the same time) of *2* *Guardians* and *Ex-*
“ *aminers*; an assertor of liberty, and of the dis-
“ pensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of
“ truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour.”
So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude
him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very
honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or
very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good.
Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors,

2 The names of two weekly papers.

whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast^h. Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to ensure his person; says, he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his lifeⁱ. One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself^k. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament then under prosecution^l. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a Minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom^m; and assures the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meetsⁿ. Another gives information of treason discovered in his Poem^o. Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with Kings and Princeesses^p. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most

^h Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.

ⁱ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14. 16. ^k *Gulliveriana*, p. 332. ^l Anno 1723. ^m Anno 1729.

ⁿ Preface to *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

^o Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies*. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

^p *Key to the Dunciad*, 3d edit. p. 18.

SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad ^q!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, “ He has so
“ great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an
“ opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, not-
“ withstanding he professes a veneration almost rising
“ to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet,
“ he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the
“ expence of that other gentleman’s character.”

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, “ That Mr.
“ Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid’s
“ Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the
“ original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life
“ and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car
“ Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be
“ wished, because in the English tongue we have
“ scarcely any thing truly and naturally written

^q A List of Persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

^r Introduction to his Shakespeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

“ upon love^s.” He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his Preface to that Poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares
 “ the purity and perfection of the English language
 “ to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are
 “ more good verses in Dryden’s Virgil than in any
 “ other work, except this of our author only^t.”

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER
 says, “ “ Pope was so good a versifier [once] that,
 “ his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contempo-
 “ rary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his
 “ numbers is equal to any body’s. And, that he
 “ had all the merit, that a man can have that way.”
 And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our Author’s Homer, crieth
 out,

“ But in his other works what beauties shine,
 “ While sweetest music dwells in every line !
 “ These he admir’d, on these he stamp’d his praise,
 “ And bade them live to brighten future days w.”

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

^s Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham’s Essay,
 octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

^t In his prose Essay on Criticism.

ⁿ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

^w Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell*, in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

“ ’Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
 “ (Tun’d justly high, or regularly low)
 “ That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
 “ Pope more than we can offer should receive:
 “ For when some gliding river is his theme,
 “ His lines runs smother than the smoothest
 “ stream,” &c.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, “ The smooth numbers of the
 “ Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it
 “ any other merit;” yet that same paper hath these
 words: “ The author is allowed to be a perfect
 “ master of an easy and elegant versification. In
 “ all his works we find the most happy turns, and
 “ natural similes, wonderfully short and thick
 “ sown.”

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our leaureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

who “ grants it to be a better poem of its kind than
 “ ever was writ:” but adds, “ it was a victory
 “ over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was al-
 “ most cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well

* Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

“ triumph for having killed so many silly flies that
 “ offended him. Could he have let them alone, by
 “ this time, poor souls ! they had all been buried in
 “ oblivion.” Here we see our excellent laureate
 allows the justice of the satire on every man in it,
 but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before
 him.

The said

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,
 in the most furious of all their works (the forecited
 Character, p. 5.), do in concert ^z confess, “ That

y Cibber’s Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

^z in concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our
 mistake in this place: “ As to my writing in concert with
 “ Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of
 “ a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line
 “ in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these
 “ two Letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are
 “ not writers in concert with each other.

‘ Sir,

‘ —The height of my ambition is to please men of the
 ‘ best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my
 ‘ master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of
 ‘ my labour.

‘ Sir,

‘ I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excel-
 ‘ lent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied
 ‘ and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that
 ‘ encouragement your admirable performance deserves,
 &c.

‘ CH. GILDON.’

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such
 “ compliments to another, has not been used to write in
 “ partnership with him to whom he sends them?” Den-
 nis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is
 therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

“ some men of good understanding value him for his
 “ rhymes.” And (p. 17.) “ that he has got, like
 “ Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dry-
 “ den), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing
 “ smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises
 bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination
 that the same was not written by him, as it was
 printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious bard ! while all admire thy strain,
 “ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;
 “ I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
 “ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
 “ Thy Muse sublime, significant, and clear,
 “ Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear.” &c.

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote ^a to the unknown author, on the first publi-
 cation of the said Essay ; “ I must own, after the
 “ reception which the vilest and most immoral ri-
 “ baldry hath lately met with, I was surpris'd to see
 “ what I had long despaired, a performance de-
 “ serving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your
 “ work. It is, indeed, above all commendation,
 “ and ought to have been published in an age and
 “ country more worthy of it. If my testimony be

^a In a Letter under his own hand, dated March 12,
 1733.

“ of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the
 “ amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “ A most notorious instance
 “ (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste,
 “ the approbation this Essay meets with^b.—I can
 “ safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these
 “ writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond
 “ their merit. This, though an empty, has been
 “ a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of
 “ the times has given him reputation^c.—If, after
 “ the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men
 “ (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler,
 “ Otway, and others) have received from this
 “ country, for these last hundred years, I should
 “ shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed
 “ at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary
 “ men; the reader to whom this one creature should
 “ be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art
 “ and nature, would believe that all the great quali-

^b Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

^c Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

“ ties of these persons were centered in him alone.
 “ But if I should venture to assure him, that the
 “ PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice
 “ —the reader would either believe me a malicious
 “ enemy, and slanderer ; or that the reign of the last
 “ (Queen Anne’s) Ministry was designed by fate to
 “ encourage fools^d,”

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of 200*l.* from King George I. and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author’s success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS^e ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them : and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works^f. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, “ He is below
 “ Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer
 “ thinks) the Marriage-hater matched, and the
 “ Boarding-school, are better than the What-d’ye-
 “ call-it;” which is not Mr. P.’s, but Mr. Gay’s.

^d Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.

^e Ib. p. 8.

^f Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

Mr. GILDON assures us, in his *New Rehearsal*, p. 48. "That he was writing a play of the *Lady Jane Grey*;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called *Dr. Andrew Tripe*^g;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to *Gulliver*^h." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, *Martinus Scriblerus*.]

We are assured, in *Mist* of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by his concern, who was the true mother of the childⁱ?"

^g Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.

^h *Gulliv.* p. 336.

ⁱ Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy^k: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public^l. The loftiest heroics; the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character; of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and

^k Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

^l The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odysssey gave example to tragedy, so did this Poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our Poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading

a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The Poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our Poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic Poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the

honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish flanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

^a Now our Author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely Dulness and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory ^b (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ^c He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the

^a Vide Bossu, Du Poem Epique, chap. viii.

^b Bossu, chap. vii.

^c Book I. ver. 32, &c.

effects they produce^d: then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them^e; and (above all) that self-opinion^f which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddeses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action: ^g and none could be more so than that which our Poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name^h: he finds it to be ———: and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition;

^d Ver. 45 to 54.

^e Ver. 57 to 77.

^f Book I. ver. 80.

^g Ibid. chap. vii, viii.

^h Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poet. cap. ix.

the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiarist, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third the flattering dedicatour; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiment so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own ex-

cepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of
 "poor wretches, so many filly flies¹:" but adds, our
 author's wit is remarkably "more bare and barren,
 "whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon
 "any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very
 quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour: the
 purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that, in
 the places most suspicious, not the words but only the
 images have been censured, and yet are those images
 no other than have been sanctified by ancient and
 classical authority (though, as was the manner of
 those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea,
 and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and
 approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby sub-
 ject to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on
 all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; inso-
 much that any deviation, accompanied with whatever
 poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the
 sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in
 this piece, appeareth not only by its general struc-
 ture, but by particular illusions infinite, many where-
 of have escaped both the commentator and poet him-
 self; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so al-
 tered and interwoven with the rest, that several have
 already been, and more will be, by the ignorant ab-
 used, as altogether and originally his own.

¹ Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. page 9. 12. 41.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred^k. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth, than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our Author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

^k See his Essays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned

upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "*Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt.*" "*In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit.*" *Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.*" Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and so

"hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose the little Epic more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic): and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater Epic should be an

honest man; or as the French critics express it, un honnête homme^a: but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little Epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities between the heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, from whence springeth heroic Virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic Hero should be Vanity, Assurance, and Debauchery, from which assemblage resulteth heroic Dulness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond

^a Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poème Epique, liv. v, ch. 5.

it? "Let the world (will such an one say) impute
 "to me what folly or weakness they please; but
 "till wisdom can give me something that will make
 "me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED
 "AT^b." This, we see, is vanity according to the
 heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble
 species which pretendeth to virtues we have not;
 but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for
 glorying in those vices, which every body knows we
 have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make
 "my follies public? Why not? I have passed my
 "life very pleasantly with them^c." In short, there
 is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but
 that which might go near to degrade him from his
 high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether
 "it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to
 "himself for not being a wise man^d?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is
 courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its
 correspondent virtue in the mock hero, is, that same
 courage all collected into the face. And as power,
 when drawn together, must needs have more force
 and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find
 this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree,
 that it insults not only men, but Gods. Mezentius
 is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the
Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an
 high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of

^b Ded. to the Life of C. C.

^c Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

^d Ibid.

this brave man's, who having told us that he placed his
 " summum bonum in those follies, which he was not
 " content barely to possess, but would likewise glory
 " in," adds, " If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S
 " FAULT, and I follow HER^e." Nor can we be
 mistaken in making this happy quality a species of
 courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of
 it, which made his FACE " more known (as he justly
 " boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his lan-
 guage to consist of what we must allow to be the most
 daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the
 name of God.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true hero's
 composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shake-
 speare calls it) summer-teeming lust, and evaporates
 in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it
 suffers in passing through those certain strainers which
 our Poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let
 alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by
 old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little
 Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its
 fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may
 think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by
 him who best knoweth its value. " Don't you think
 " (argueth he), to say ' only a man has his whore^f,'
 " ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit*

^e Life of C. C. p. 23. oct. edit.

^f Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuth-
 not:

" And has not Colly still his lord and whore,

" His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?"

" *numerus*; take the first ten thousand men you meet,
 " and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted
 " ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one
 " with another, had been guilty of the same frailty &c."
 But here he seemeth not to have done justice to him-
 self: the man is sure enough a hero, who hath his
 lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein
 lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life: not taking
 to himself the commendation (which Horace account-
 ed the greatest in a theatrical character) of conti-
 nuing to the very dregs the same he was from the
 beginning,

" — Servetur ad I M U M

" Qualis ab incepto procefferat. —"

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero,
 let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore,
 implied she was his own, and not his neighbour's.
 Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio
 himself must have applauded. For how much self-
 denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's
 whore? and what disorders must the coveting her
 have occasioned in that society, where (according to
 this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have
 their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could advise, gone
 through the three constituent qualities of either hero.
 But it is not in any, or in all of these that heroism
 properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result

g Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it^h, of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth, that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design MUST have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *Os sublime* (OUR ERECT-ED FACES) to lift the dignity of OUR FORM above themⁱ." All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth, not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *Os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden^k?

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance

^h Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

ⁱ Life, p. 23, 24.

^k Letter, p. 8.

of the Gods: for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an atchievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concenter with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero or phantom: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious

error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

“ Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,”

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befiteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. “ Hah! (saith he,) fast asleep, it seems! that’s a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool¹.” However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will ^m live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our Hero. For that disastrous knight being forely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cardsⁿ.

¹ Letter, p. 53.

^m Letter, p. 1.

ⁿ Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. ch. 22.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddefs-born, and Princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the stage"), to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:" that every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself; at one time to Alexander the Great

• See Life, p. 148.

and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the excess and delicacy of his ambition^p; to Henry the IV. of France, for honest policy^q; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty^r; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power^s: at another time, to the godlike Socrates for his diversions and amusements^t: to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired^u; to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence^w; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters^x.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution^y face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution^z; and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies^a.

As to his Birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both^b. And

^p Life, p. 149.

^s P. 457.

^w P. 436, 437.

^z P. 57.

^q P. 424.

^t P. 18.

^x P. 52.

^a P. 58, 59.

^r P. 366.

^u P. 425.

^y P. 47.

^b A Statuary.

that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all^c: and what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of Epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

—ultima semper

Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!

"if no man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced

^c Life, p. 6.

“ a hero : this species of men being far more sub-
 “ ject than others to the caprices of fortune and hu-
 “ mour.” But to this also we have an answer, that
 will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from
 himself ; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly
 protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that no-
 thing shall ever part them. “ Nature (saith he)
 “ hath amply supplied me in vanity ; a pleasure
 “ which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity
 “ of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with ^d.”
 Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to administer
 a cure to it : but he telleth us plainly, “ My supe-
 “ riors perhaps may be mended by him ; but for my
 “ part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my
 “ follies as the best part of my fortune ^e.” And
 with good reason : we see to what they have brought
 him !

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, “ Is it (saith he) a
 “ time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and
 “ set up a new character ? I can no more put off my
 “ follies than my skin ; I have often tried, but they
 “ stick too close to me : nor am I sure my friends
 “ are displeased with them, for in this light I afford
 “ them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c. ^f” Having
 then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is
 become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and
 devolveth upon the poet as his property ; who may
 take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead

^d Life, p. 424.

^e P. 19.

^f P. 17.

as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT §.

“ Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre pa-

“ rantem

“ Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDUAT hia-

“ tus ^h. ”

§ Life, p. 243. octavo edit.

^h Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

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By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an Insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

CC. Ch.

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T H E
D U N C I A D:

T O

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddesses in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays * to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the subject of the Poem. He is describ-

V A R I A T I O N.

* In the first editions Tibbald was the Hero of the Poem, which will account for most of the subsequent variations.

ed penfive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raifes an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purpofes thereon to facrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddefs beholding the flame from her feat, flies and puts it out by cafting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herfelf to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myfteries; then announcing the death of Eufden the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Succellor.

B O O K I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother, &c.] In the first Edit.
was thus,

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings,
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still——

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunceiad, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two e's (as Shakspear), which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an atchievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD.

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an

I sing. Say you, her Instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

accurate Antiquary, and Autograph of Shakespeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong readings, and restored the new spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an Edition of an author in Marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines, two Words and a whole Verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in Paper; as for the future, our learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a Total new Shakespeare at the Clarendon press.

BENTL.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the Inscription with the Name of Shakespeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakespeare hath great reason to point at. ANON.

Though I have as just a value for the letter E, as any Grammarian living, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One e therefore in this case is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not superior to

You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, 5
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

Reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, Sic MS. In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.

SCRIBL.

This Poem was written in the Year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.

SCHOL. VET.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first Edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

“ — who brings

“ The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.”

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

It appears as plainly from the Apostrophe to the Great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion, or caressed by the Great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poets of his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Chosen Companion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of Persons of Quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a Son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

“ Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first.”

BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother and her Son, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mother, and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her Colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muses.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thunderer's head, 10
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
 Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
 She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
 Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

REMARKS.

Ver. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their Judgments, their Interests, and their Inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged Sense of the word, for all Slowness of Apprehension, Shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degrees of Activity and Boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion),

"Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder rise,

"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies." BENTL.

Ver. 17. Still her old Empire to restore] This restoration makes the Completion of the Poem. Vide Book iv.

Oh Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
 Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
 Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bœotia though her Power retires,
 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30

REMARKS.

Ver. 22.—laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironical, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironical iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Close to those walls, &c.] In the former Edit. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess, 35
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.

VARIATION.

Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness:
 Here in one bed two shivering Sisters lie,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 This, the great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
 Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
 And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.
 Hence spring each weekly Muse the living boast, &c.
 Var. Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair.]
 Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old
 cloaths and frippery are sold.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his

Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
 Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
 *And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

VARIATION.

Ver. 41. in the former edit.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's feast.

REMARKS.

Satire, makes an Apology for all that are to be satirized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the Flat-teries and Falschoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

" Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
 " So very much is said;
 " One half will never be believ'd,
 " The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year Odes.] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone, 45
 Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake: 50
 Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep, 55
 Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
 Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
 Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
 How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
 How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry, 60

REMARKS.

New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The New-year Odes of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone,] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of Booksellers of that name.

Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
 There motly Images her fancy strike, 65
 Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike.
 She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
 How Time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land:
 Here gay description Ægypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'T was on the day, when * * rich and grave, 85
 Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:

VARIATION.

Ver. 85. in the former Editions,

'T was on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.]
 Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year
 1720.

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90
 Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
 While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95
 What City Swans once sung within the walls;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'T was on the day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise, there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
 Each fire imprest and glaring in his son :
 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in restless Daniel] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine :

a great Mistake ! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verses as well as Politics ; as appears by the Poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De Foe, and by some lines in Cowley's Miscellanies on the other. And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the Pillory.

Ver. 104. And Eusden eke out, &c.] Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

“ Eusden, a laurell'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
 “ By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.”

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, “ That of all the Galimatias he
 “ ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this
 “ poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the
 “ Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and
 “ are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly con-
 “ founds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the
 “ mind.” Farther he says of him, “ That he hath pro-
 “ phesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus,
 “ Ovid, and Tibullus ; but we have little hope of the

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

REMARKS.

"accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflexion, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble Person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

"—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
"But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it;
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."
Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his Successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following Epigram made on that occasion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prose fin.

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of *Abraham and Achitophel* are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

In each she marks her Image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former Ed. thus,

But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where supperless he fate;
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he fate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald] Author of a pamphlet intituled, *Shakespeare restored*. During two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespeare, he published *Advertisements*, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of Nov. 26, 1728): And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised his own proposals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the Testimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the *Censor*, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of *Furius*. "The modern *Furius* is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success. 110

REMARKS.

“ of that which he daily provokes, laughter and con-
“ tempt. Did we really know how much this poor
“ man” [I wish that reflection on poverty had been
spared] “ suffers by being contradicted, or, which is
“ the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised ;
“ we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him
“ with a silent nod, and let him go away with the tri-
“ umphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again) when
“ any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quit-
“ ting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a
“ thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients.
“ His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the
“ same reason as some Ladies do their commendations
“ of a dead beauty, who would never have had their
“ good word, but that a living one happened to be men-
“ tioned in their company. His applause is not the tri-
“ bute of his Heart, but the sacrifice of his Revenge,”
&c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat
of an angry character, and as they are now scarce ex-
tant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curi-
ous. “ A young, squab, short gentleman, whose out-
“ ward form, though it should be that of downright
“ monkey, would not differ so much from human shape
“ as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
“ understanding.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a
“ hunch-back'd toad. A book through which Folly and
“ Ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do
“ ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and
“ hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, be-
“ ing led and supported, and bully-back'd by that
“ blind Hector, Impudence.” Reflect. on the Essay on
Criticism, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this
Fury, they are so strong and so coercive. “ I regard
“ him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me, as
“ to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.

REMARKS.

“ to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my
“ life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased
“ to be frolicksome, and the epidemic Madness of the
“ times, have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as
“ Hobbes says) is Power, and that has made him dan-
“ gerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King
“ George, whose faithful subject I am; to my Country,
“ of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the
“ Laws, under whose protection I have so long lived;
“ and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear to me
“ than life, of which I have now for forty years been
“ a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty,
“ I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's
“ skin from this little Ass, which popular error has
“ thrown round him; and to shew that this Author,
“ who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither
“ sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.”
DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. “ The story (says he) is too long to be
“ told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear
“ it from Mr. Curll, my Bookseller.—However, what
“ my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a
“ just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine
“ weapons, his Slander and his Poison.” Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact see A full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm trea-

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:

REMARKS.

life, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called *A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering Poison to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the Public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning. That he is master of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays

Swearing and supperless the Hero fate,
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

REMARKS.

"more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spake worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his Wit, or for some Profit or Lucre to himself." *Life of C. C.* chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Tho' in verse you foreclose,
"I'll have the last word: for, by G—, I'll write
"Prose."

Poor Colly, thy reasoning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest.

Ver. 115. supperless the Hero fate.] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's *Odyssey* is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a calamity,

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;

VARIATION.

Ver. 121. Round him much Embryo, &c.] In the former Editions thus:

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild.
 Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
 The page admires new beauties not its own.
 Here swells the shelf, &c.

REMARKS.

to which the greatest not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boscu calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poetry brings all into action; and to represent a Critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other.

SCRIBL.

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he swore all the time?

BENTL.

Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
 That slip'd through Craggs and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
 Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sip'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug. 130
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere :
 There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald fore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

REMARKS.

Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

Ver. 132. The Frippery] " When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, " when she has not better employment." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

Ver. 133. hapless Shakespeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, " subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of " pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope did " so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing " but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of *Mist's Journals*, June 8, " That to expose " any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, " That whatever care might for the future be " taken by any other Editor, he would still give above " five hundred emendations, that shall escape them all."

Ver. 134. Wish'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespeare, " that

The rest on Outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond Parents drest in red and gold;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is fav'd by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

"he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The rest on Outside merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: The first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large Volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets*.

Ver. 142. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of Poetry;

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
 A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 145. in the first Edit. it was

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
 Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

“George Withers was a great pretender to poetical
 “zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the
 “greatest personages in power, which brought upon him
 “frequent Correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate
 “were no strangers to him.” WINSTANLY. Quarles
 was as dull a writer, but an honest dull man. Blome's
 books are remarkable for their cuts.

REMARKS.

“leaving to Posterity in print three ample Volumes of
 “her studious endeavours.” WINSTANLY, *ibid.* Lambaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in Tragedy (though more successful) in

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The Classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ; 150
 There, fav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
 Dry Bodies of Divinity appear :

VARIATION.

Ver. 152. Old Bodies of Philosophy appear.

REMARKS.

One of his Tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dress'd in a sort of Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fustian and thin Prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More solid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's *Æneis*, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a strange and marvellous beast called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer.

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 153
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays
That altar crowns : A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base : 160
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre ;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he : Great Tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 162. A twisted, &c.] In the former Edit.

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. a little Ajax] in duodecimo, translated from
Sophocles by Tibbald.

REMARKS.

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library."
WINSTANLY.

E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,
 To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :
 O thou ! of Business the directing soul !
 To this our head like biafs to the bowl, 170
 Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
 Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :
 O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
 Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 167, 168. Not in the first editions.

Ver. 170. To human heads, &c.

Ver. 171. Makes their aim.

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. " Whatever con- tempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
 Secure us kindly in our native night.
 Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
 Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. Or, if to Wit, &c.] In the former Ed.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
 Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
 Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
 She does but show her coward face and dies:
 There thy good Scholiasts with unwearied pains
 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
 Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
 Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
 Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
 And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.
 For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
 With all such reading as was never read;
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it,
 So spins the Silkworm small its slender store,
 And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
 Not that my quill to critiques was confin'd,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
 So gravest precepts may successless prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.
 As, forc'd from wind guns, &c.

Var. Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c.] As where he [Tibbald] laboured to prove Shakespeare guilty of terrible Anachronisms, or low Conundrums, which Time had covered; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, He deserved to be whipt. An insolence which nothing sure

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
 And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
 As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;

VARIATIONS.

can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that Shakespeare was a Rascal. O Tempora! O Mores!

Var. And crucify poor Shakespeare once a week.] For some time, once a week or fortnight he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of Shakespeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himself, as from others, without name. Upon these somebody made this Epigram:

" 'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
 " To help us thus to read the works of others:
 " Never for this can just returns be shown;
 " For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;] As to Cook's *Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's *Comedy of the Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: These were people who writ about the year 1726.

REMARKS.

Ver. 178, 179. Guard the sure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reasoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulness, but when the first is founded in Truth, and the other in Usefulness.

Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of these four verses is founded in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the Author of a poem called *Succesffio*.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urg'd by the load below :
 Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.
 Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
 And once betray'd me into common sense :
 Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same ;
 This, prose on stilts ; that, poetry fall'n lame. 190
 Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd ?
 My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
 Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove ?
 The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
 Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the State, 195
 Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
 Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
 This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. Yet sure, had Heaven, &c.] In the former Ed.
 Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
 Heaven had decreed to spare the Grub-street state.
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end !
 Could Troy be sav'd, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198.—grey-goose weapon] Alluding to the old
 English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was
 fletched with the feathers of the grey-goose.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-
 goose weapon]

“ —Si Pergama dextra

“ Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.” Virg. ib.

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

VARIATIONS.

Instead of ver. 200—246. in the former Editions.

Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,
And save the State by cackling to the Tories.
Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unfall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
Or ship'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit Ale-house, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Cicéron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: But had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have wash-

Or tread the path by venturous Heroes trod,
 This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
 Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
 Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
 Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205
 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)

REMARKS.

“ed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and Pastoral Letters?” Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidst the Doctors] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than false Dice, a Cant phrase used among Gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, “Shall I play fair or foul?”

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Mist.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.]

“Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.”

Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that sav'd the Capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* viii.

“Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser

“Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.”

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat*. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* ix.

“—argutos inter strepere anser olores.”

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat*. And why *auratis porticibus*? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

“Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.”

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

“—Auritas fidibus canoris

“Ducere quercus.”

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial-writers whatsoever: “That he
 “defends the supreme powers, as the Geese by their
 “cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol;
 “for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their
 “Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the
 “Gauls, if they had been possessed of the Capitol.”
 Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Hold — to the Minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215
 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains ? Ourselves. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear ;
 This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer : 220
 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
 This Mefs, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
 Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought ! 225
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault)

REMARKS.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great Modesty—modest Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homeric; the Dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern, symbol of Impudence: (*Κυνὸς ὀμμάτων ἔχων*, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the Dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great

Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more christian progeny !
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a Pass, and vagrant through the land;
 Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :

REMARKS.

affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more christian progeny !]
 " It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse
 " were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the
 " mother of a Child, but in the same year the other
 " made me the father of a Play. I think we had a dozen
 " of each sort between us; of both which kinds some
 " died in their Infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217.
 8vo edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a Pass,] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial Pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them Post free to all the Towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233—with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,]
 " Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high church party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the City, but in Moor-fields.

Not, sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire; 237
 Nor wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!
 O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
 To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
 Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240
 Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
 With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
 Stole from the master of the seven-fold Face:
 And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, 245
 And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
 The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former Ed.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
 When the last blaze, &c.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
 In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,]

Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take

REMARKS.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the first Notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was

great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires ;
 King John in silence modestly expires :
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
 Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

VARIATIONS.

re, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the
 play,

" By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,

" And makes it scald my aged trunk." —

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the *Perfidious Brother*
 (a play written between Theobald and a Watch-maker).
 The Rape of Proserpine, one of the Farces of this au-
 thor, in which Ceres setting fire to a corn-field, endan-
 gered the burning of the Play-house.

Var. And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.] He
 had been (to use an expression of our Poet) about Æs-
 chylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for
 the same, but then went about other books. The
 character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a
 high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled
 by the translation : upon sight of a specimen of which was
 made this Epigram,

" Alas ! poor Æschylus ! unlucky Dog !

" Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log."

But this is a grievous error, for Æschylus was not slain
 by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise,
 see Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.

SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

particularly excellent at Tragedy. " This (says he) is
 as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope." But
 certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope,
 and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than
 four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves
 in these few lines) ; the three first of them were fairly
 printed, acted, and damned ; the fourth suppressed in
 fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble]

A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and in

VOL. XLVII.

I

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in Her charms! as when on Shrieves and Mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: 265
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So, Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their Native Place.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.] Tibbald writ a Poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

REMARKS.

much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the Government. He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Am-

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
 And here she plann'd th' Imperial feat of Fools.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find, 275
 Now leave all memory of sense behind:

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

VARIATION.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Prose Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed,

REMARKS.

to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other Pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. "There is a
"notorious Idiot, one hight Wachum, who, from an
"under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-
"strapper to the Play-house, who hath lately burlesqued
"the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation,
"&c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper
"called the Censor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for Priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As
"to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and everybody knows, that the whole Bench of Bishops, not
"long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas,
"for discovering the erroneous translations of the Com-
"mon-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian,
"&c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland shew better
"verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of
"Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so
"pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to
"dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and

And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
 My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
 Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns molest, 295
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,

VARIATION.

Ver. 293. Know, Eusden, &c.] In the former Ed.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard, rest.
 I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
 Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, blest my throne!
 I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
 God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
 So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

"truer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's
 "Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr.
 "Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's
 "translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so like-
 "wise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is
 "free to deserve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.
 We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies,
 as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr.
 Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A strange bird from Switzer-
 land, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an
 eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was
 said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
 With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
 Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court. 300
 Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
 Sound, found ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
 Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
 The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
 And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons, 305
 Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
 Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
 Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
 And under his, and under Archer's wing,
 Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King. 310

REMARKS.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that particular.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
 And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
 'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
 Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
 Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band, 315
 And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
 Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
 And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
 God save king Cibber! mounts in every note. 320
 Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
 God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
 To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
 But pious Needham dropt the name of God;

REMARKS.

Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation, prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town.

"Greatest and justest SOVEREIGN; know you this?

"Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know,

"Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'er-
 "flow."

DONNE to Queen Eliz.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and Instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with

Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
 And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
 So when Jove's block descended from on high
 (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
 Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
 And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

REMARKS.

"God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this Epigram:

"When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?

"Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?

"You may judge—From the Devil they come to the
 "Court,

"And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God save king Log!] See Ogilby's *Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistich is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his *Poems*, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward these unlucky men, by the most moderate representation of their case, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their con-

stant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram :

“ Ye little Wits, that gleam’d a-while,
“ When Pope vouchsaf’d a ray,
“ Alas ! depriv’d of his kind smile,
“ How soon ye fade away !

“ To compass Phœbus’ car about,
“ Thus empty vapours rise,
“ Each lends his cloud to put him out,
“ That rear’d him to the skies.

“ Alas ! those skies are not your sphere ;
“ There He shall ever burn :
“ Weep, weep, and fall ! for Earth ye were,
“ And must to Earth return.”

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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T H E

D U N C I A D:

BOOK THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Bookſellers, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poeteſs. Then follow the Exerciſes for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of

profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

B O O K II.

HIGH on a gorgeous feat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot chuse but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, 'The Primitive Eucharist.' See the history of this person, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Irish throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Irish Priest, but had laid aside (as himself ex-

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden showers,

REMARKS.

pressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne, Themistius, Orat. i.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curll) is a false Assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the Rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the History of his being tost in a Blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leestest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the Love of Truth, not in the least any Vain-glory, or Desire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Mistakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light. However, that

Great Cibber fate : The proud Parnassian sneer, 5
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : All eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
 His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face. 10
 So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
 Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
 Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.

Ver. 8. In the former edit.

On him, and crouds grow foolish as they gaze.
 The four next lines are added.

REMARKS.

we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we
 give them thee in the very Words of our Antagonists :
 not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and
 craving excuse of the Parties offended : For surely in
 this work, it hath been above all things our desire to
 provoke no Man.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,] Ca-
 millo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great En-
 couragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to
 Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty
 thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was in-
 troduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the ho-
 nour of the Laurel ; a jest which the Court of Rome and

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
 They summon all her Race : An endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
 (The field of glory is a field for all).

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 17.

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims.

Ver. 19. She summons all her sons, &c.

REMARKS.

the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation ; at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy *. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, 35
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a Bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days. 40
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-body'd air ;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, 45
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
 Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit,
 A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.] This species of mirth called a joke, arising from a Mal-entendu, may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.

Ver. 47. Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the Phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-

All gaze with ardour : Some a Poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

REMARKS.

Moore Smith, Esq; and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiarist, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief : " Sir," (said the thief, finding himself detected) " do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, " See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Esq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) " That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces," (which only himself had shewn, and handed about as his own) " occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram :

" Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
" He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
" And yet in this no vanity is shown;
" A modest man may like what's not his own."

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:

“ This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;

REMARKS.

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, “ That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to Comedy.” This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the Town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto,

“ Hic cœstus, artemque repono.”

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unowned Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from *μᾶρος*, stultus, *μωρία*, stultitia, to represent the folly of a plagiarist. Thus Erasmus, “ Admonuit me
“ Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moria vocabulum

"With me began this genius, and shall end." 53
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll; "Behold that rival here!"

REMARKS.

"*accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.*" Dedication of *Moriae Encomium* to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, More! *et moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu! More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers; Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookseller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntless Curll;] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very Names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: He speaks like the intrepid Diomedes; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the Gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: Though he loses

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
 "So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and run. 60
 Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind.
 As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
 On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
 So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
 Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
 With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
 And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

VARIATION.

Ver. 67. With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

REMARKS.

the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetic: After this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair,

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make: 70
 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop)
 Here fortun'd Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
 And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
 Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
 Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
 Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
 The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any God's, or more; 80
 And him and his if more devotion warms,
 Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.

REMARKS.

and to that happy incident he owed all the favour since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the "better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a "good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's sign: the Cross-keys, Lintot's.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant this abode supply; 90
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
 Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
 And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Votary's prayer, 95
 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
 Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
 From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
 Listening delighted to the jest unclean
 Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
 Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
 She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
 Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd with magic juices for the course,

VARIATION.

Ver. 99—104. In former Ed. thus :

(Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
 The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet)

REMARKS.

Ver. 101. Where, as he fish'd, &c.] See the preface
 to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong, 105
 Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
 Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
 Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand
 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand; 110
 A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
 His papers, light, fly diverse, tost in air;
 Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift, 115
 And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
 That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

REMARKS.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in *Mist*, June 8, *Dedic. to Sawney*, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.

Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
 Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought! 125
 Breval, Bond, Befaleel, the varlets caught.

REMARKS.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Befaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—“Bond writ a satire against Mr. P.—. Capt. Breval was author of “The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and “some ladies of quality,” says CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Booksellers, and Printers of much anonymous stuff.

Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Befaleel,] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since those persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Breval, a Captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay: Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Befaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms.

SCRIBL.

Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddes: Son! thy grief lay down
 And turn this whole illusion on the town:
 As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
 By names of Toasts retails each batter'd Jade; 134
 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
 Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
 Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illusion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent Authors.

Ver. 138. Cook shall be Prior,] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welsford were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

140

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. And we too boast our Garth and Addison.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of raising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author.

- " The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
- " (Though neither birds of moral kind)
- " Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
- " To show us which way blows the wind.
- " Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
- " Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
- " Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
- " And point instruction every way.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

REMARKS.

“ With Ægypt’s art thy pen may strive :
“ One potent drop let this but shed,
“ And every Rogue that stunk alive,
“ Becomes a precious Mummy dead.”

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] “ The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his Genius : An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face !” *Mist’s Journal*, June 8. This Genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man’s face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently ; “ Natural deformity comes not by our fault ; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this Author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. ’Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species : and they who have refus’d to take this warning which God and Nature has given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. ’Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil.” &c. DENNIS, character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. “ That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of

A shaggy Tapestry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

REMARKS.

"Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtray'd? Yet I consider it really hurts not him! whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, scurra in triviis, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.

SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses:

- " While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
- " Its own celestial fire;
- " While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
- " Admiring, won't admire:
- " While wayward pens thy worth assail,
- " And envious tongues decry;
- " These times though many a Friend bewail,
- " These times bewail not I.
- " But when the World's loud praise is thine,
- " And spleen no more shall blame,
- " When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
- " In one establish'd fame:

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
 There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
 The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
 Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
 As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

REMARKS.

“ When none shall rail, and every lay
 “ Devote a wreath to thee;
 “ That day (for come it will), that day
 “ Shall I lament to see.”

Ver. 143. A shaggy Tapestry,] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—
 Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Christ in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge,] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observer*: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the *Flying-post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

Ver. 151. Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and

And oh ! (he cry'd) what street, what lane, but knows
 Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows !
 In every loom our labours shall be seen, 155
 And the fresh vomit run for ever green !

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
 Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;

REMARKS.

whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible ; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood ; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see CURLL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself " to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which " he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures ; that, " though she should find the little inadvertencies of her " own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it " would be done in such a manner as she could not but

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
 In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd. 160
 The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
 "The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
 "His be yon Juno of majestic size,
 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
 "This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome 165
 "Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
 (Though this his son dissuades, and that his Wife.)

REMARKS.

"approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the *Female Dunciad*, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs. Haywood's *New Utopia*, &c.] This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of *Homer's Iliad* at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the *Gazetteer* harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it be to a
 "Writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for
 "sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with ho-
 "nour to yourself, and justice to your Subscribers, can
 "this be done! What an Ingratitude to be charged on
 "the Only honest Poet that lived in 1738! and than
 "whom Virtue has not had a shriller Trumpeter for
 "many ages! That you were once generally admired

One on his manly confidence relies,
 One on his vigour and superior size. 170
 First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post :
 It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
 So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
 (Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
 A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
 The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face :
 Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
 Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
 Not so from shameless Curll ; impetuous spread
 The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
 So (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
 Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
 Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn ;
 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

REMARKS.

" and esteemed, can be denied by none ; but that you
 " and your works are now despised, is verified by this
 " fact : " which being utterly false, did not indeed much
 humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on
 the Bookseller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours th'
 exalted urn ;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some
 marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time de-
 ceased) I have found another reading of these lines : thus,

" And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow ;
 " His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right : For, first, though
 the difference between burn and glow may seem not very
 material to others, to me I confess the latter has an ele-
 gance, a je ne sçay quoy, which is much easier to be
 conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of

Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
 His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
 " He wins this Patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait ;
 Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
 And, instant, fancy feels th'imputed sense ; 200
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
 Then his nice taste directs our Operas :
 Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes, 205
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 205. In former Ed. Wellsted.

Ver. 207. in the first Edit.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c.
 And again in ver. 209. Unlucky Oldmixon !

REMARKS.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
 Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
 A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
 What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love 215
 Her sister sends, her votarefs, from above,

REMARKS.

Ver. 207. Welsted] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Cælia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the *Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator*: And there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the *Περὶ Βύθου*, or the *Art of Sinking*, as a *Didapper*, and after as an *Eel*, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a *Mole*, by the author of the ensuing *Simile*, which was handed about at the same time:

“ Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
 “ That painful animal, a Mole:
 “ Above ground never born to grow;
 “ What mighty stir it keeps below!
 “ To make a Mole-hill all his strife!
 “ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 “ How proud a little dirt to spread;
 “ Conscious of nothing o’er its head!
 “ Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
 “ It blunders into Light and dies.”]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part;
 Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of Noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
 With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
 Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul 225
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell!

Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230
 Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chattering shames the Monkey tribe:
 And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying As.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud
 din: 235
 The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in;

REMARKS.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
 And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart, 240
 And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
 And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
 Hold (cry'd the Queen): A Cat-call each shall win;
 Equal your merits! equal is your din!
 But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
 Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded, absent foals they make
 A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake; 250
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
 So swells each wind-pipe: Afs intones to Afs,
 Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
 Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthusiast blows, 255
 High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
 Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
 There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield!
 thine.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 241, 242. added since the first Edition.

Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

REMARKS.

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Ver. 258. Webster—and Whitefield] [The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miscellany,

But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
 In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
 Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

“ Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels; ”

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which,

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end)

270

REMARKS.

Mr. Gildon seems assured, "that this admirable author
" did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer."
Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of
Characters of the Times? p. 25. who says, "Sir Ri-
" chard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mis-
" take his proper talents; and that he has not for many
" years been so much as named, or even thought of
" among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly
from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action
" (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor mora-
" lity, nor universality; and consequently he can have
" no Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is
" neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his cha-
" racters have none of the necessary qualifications; the
" things contained in his narration are neither in their
" own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor
" rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic."—Nay
he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no Genius;
first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a furious
" joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extra-
" ordinary Hint. Many men (says he) have their Hints,
" without those motions of fury and pride of soul, be-
" cause they want fire enough to agitate their spirits;
" and these we call cold writers. Others who have a
" great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel
" the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordi-
" nary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But
" he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints nor
" the Motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696.
Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character
of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing
him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and
immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.)
on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

REMARKS.

of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalms of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be Atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another Popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bride-

The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

“ Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275

“ Here prove who best can dash through thick and
“ thin,

“ And who the most in love of dirt excel,

“ Or dark dexterity of groping well.

“ Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around

“ The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; 280

“ A pig of lead to him who dives the best;

“ A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest.”

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,

And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

VARIATION.

Ver. 283. In former Ed.—great Dennis stands.

REMARKS.

well.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Persons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord mayor's day: The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.

Ver. 280. the Weekly Journals] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.

Then sighing thus, " And am I now threescore ? 285
 " Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four ? "

REMARKS.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation ; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact ; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it ; and in p. 304. is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43. which says of his own Simile, that " 'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." " In Poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62. by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13. " He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry consisting of heroic Epistles, &c. some whereof were very well done," said that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History ; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them ; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd downright.
 The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
 Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

VARIATION.

Ver. 295. in former Ed.

Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight.

REMARKS.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley div'd;] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immerfed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * essay'd;] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of

He bears no tokens of the fabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep : 300
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 298. in the first Edit. followed these :

Far worse unhappy D—r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and personal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7. accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British and London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham, and others : To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, "De profundis clavi mavi." He was since a hired Scribler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others ; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica.

No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desperate pack, 305
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone !
And Monumental Brass this record bears,
“ These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !”

VARIATION.

Ver. 305—314. Not in former Ed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a sickly brother at his back :—Sons of a day, &c.] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Osborne] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to suppose that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.

SCRIBL.

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

VARIATION.

Ver. 315. In first Ed.

Not Wellsted so: drawn endlong by his skull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men: though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings, were paid to Authors and Printers of Newspapers, such as *Free Britons*, *Daily Courants*, *Corn Cutter's Journals*, *Gazetteers*, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister, to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one at this day extant or remembered, not even so much

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance, 320
 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
 With holy envy gave one Layman place.
 When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;

VARIATION.

Ver. 323—326. In first Ed. thus :

Sudden a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Lo, Smedley rose in majesty of mud.

REMARKS.

credit done to his Personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author :

“ Seen him I have ; but in his happier hour
 “ Of social Pleasure, ill exchange'd for Power !
 “ Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
 “ Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.”

Ver. 315. Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers ; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy : Witness a paper, called the Free

Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal flares;
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares: 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Submit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in :
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Lay'd for his love in jetty bowers below, 335
 As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

Then sung, how, shown him by the Nut-brown maids,
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades ;
 That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams 340
 As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
 Pours into Thames : and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 343—351. In first Ed. thus :

Pours into Thames : each city bowl is full
 Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
 Here to the banks where bards departed doze,
 They led him soft ; here all the bards arose ;
 Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows ;
 While Milbourne there, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest ;
 And " Take (he said) &c.

REMARKS.

Briton, a Dedication intituled, *To the Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and
 VOL. XLVII. M

Here brisker vapours o'er the **TEMPLE** creep, 34
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 35

REMARKS.

valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, in appearing by the aforesaid **REPORT**, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine."

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a fable Army stand, 355

A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,

Heaven's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Fleet,

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360

Till showers of Sermons, Characters, Essays,

In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:

So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,

Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365

A gentler exercise to close the games.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 355—362. Not in first Ed. where, instead of
Ver. 365—367, were originally these lines:

Slow moves the Goddess, from the fable flood,
(Her Priest preceding) through the gates of Lud.

Her Critics there she summons, and proclaims

A gentler exercise to close the games.

Here you, in whose grave heads, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped
that the satire in these lines will be understood in the
confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such

" Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
 " I weigh what author's heaviness prevails:
 " Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers
 " My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers
 " Attend the trial we propose to make:
 " If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
 " Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 " And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
 " To him we grant our amplest powers, to fit
 " Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
 " To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 " Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three College Sophs and three pert Templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same: 380

VARIATION.

Ver. 379. In first Ed. Three Cambridge Sophs.

REMARKS.

only of the Clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Ministers or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

each prompt to query, answer, and debate,

and smit with love of Poesy and Prate.

The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!

The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.

The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of

Mum,

385

Will all, turn'd equal, send a general hum.

Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone

Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;

Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,

At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze, 390

As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low

Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;

Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,

As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.

And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395

As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.

Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but, thrice suppress'd

By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budget aim'd to speak,] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
 Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's No kingdom here." 400
 Who fate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
 Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
 Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
 Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes,
 As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
 Like motion from one circle to the rest:
 So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
 Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads. 410
 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
 Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. in the first Edit. it was,
 Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.
 Ver. 412. In first Ed. Old James himself.

REMARKS.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards published the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very person.

Ver. 400. Christ's No kingdom, &c.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop.

Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. In the first Edit. it was,

T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor * * * talk'd nor S— whisper'd more.

In the second,

Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Nafø whisper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The same Mr. Law is author of a book intitled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel; in which he has detailed a System of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology; and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himself in the reputation of an Immoral Philosopher, was au-

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
 Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
 And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
 And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
 Why should I sing, what Bards the nightly Muse
 Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews;
 Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
 How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
 While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

VARIATION.

Ver. 425. In first Ed. How Laurus lay, &c.

REMARKS.

thor of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the Imposition of fools; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

T H E
D U N C I A D:
B O O K T H E T H I R D .

A R G U M E N T .

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those

conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last Book.

B O O K III.

BUT in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
 On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
 Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
 And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
 Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5
 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
 Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods :
 Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10
 The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
 And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuses in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.

BENTL.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade.
 A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
 In lofty madness meditating song;
 Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams,
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more).

15

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the first Ed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. A slip-shod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely just, no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real Madness, as that which produces real Dulness. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthusiasts of all ages were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion. Whereas fire in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered steel) for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, just as the Turks and our modern Methodists do of Holiness. But if the cause of Madness assigned by a great Philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He supposes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occasioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

Benlowes, propitious still to Blockheads, bows; 21
 And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
 Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,

REMARKS.

" I must confess I do want eloquence,
 " And never scarce did learn my Accidence :
 " For having got from possum to posset,
 " I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the Reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus : to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years ; and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius sits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner : For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works ; Qui Bavium non odit ; whereas we have often had oc-

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemistich of Milton,

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
 As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.

REMARKS.

casion to observe our Poet's great Good-nature and
 Mercifulness through the whole course of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Booksellers, Printers for
 any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming
 forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and
 being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is suffi-
 ciently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney,
 Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of for-
 gery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced
 to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr.
 Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the
 mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a great act
 of barbarity, *Key to the Dunc.* 3d Edit. p. 16. And
 another author reasons thus upon it. *Durgen*, 8vo. p.
 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Christian Charity to
 "animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a
 "situation? What could move the Poet thus to men-
 "tion a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to
 "the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his
 "Senses, it was committing a Crime for which the
 "Law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a Crime
 "which Man can scarce forgive, or Time efface! no-
 "thing surely could have induced him to it but being
 "bribed by a great Lady," &c. (to whom this brave,
 honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but
 Forgery, proved in open Court). But it is evident,
 this verse could not be meant of him; it being notori-

Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears, 35
 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :

REMARKS.

ous, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he stood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears,] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here : I believe I may say the same of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that Scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the Poet thus :

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that " he was a formid-

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another yet the same.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
 The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former, as to future fate,
 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?

REMARKS.

"able rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welford goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions; and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco [the first that was ever printed with cuts]. "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
 Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll! 50
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages through old Monks she rid?
 And all who since, in wild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
 As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
 Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate. 60
 For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.
 Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
 See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, 70
 (Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Greece:

"Bœotum crasso jurares aëre natum." Horat.

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N

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science their bright course begun :
 One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds, 73
 He, whose long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds
 Heavens ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
 And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
 There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80
 From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
 And lick up all their Physic of the Soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
 Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall :
 Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies 85
 Embodiy'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the
 Introduction,

In eldest times, ere Mortals writ or read,
 which supposes the sun and science did not set out toge-
 ther, it was altered to " their bright course begun." But
 this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am ti Emperor of China, the same
 who built the great wall between China and Tartary,
 destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered
 Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolomæan Li-
 brary, on the gates of which was this Inscription,
 ΦΥΣΗ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
 The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
 Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
 See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
 Of Genferic; and Attila's dread name!
 See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
 See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
 See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
 See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
 And all the Western world believe and sleep. 100
 Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;

REMARKS.

Ver. 96. (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

Ver. 102. thundering against heathen lore;] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doct̃or sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui mel-
 "leo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ec-
 "clesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut
 "traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis
 "scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major autoritas, et diligentia stu-

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
 Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
 And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
 See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
 Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
 Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
 And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn; 110

REMARKS.

"diosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reprov'd by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; because (says this Pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy; "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur." The same Pope is accus'd by Vossius, and others, of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroy'd, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroy'd more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turn'd to that of Holofernes.

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsley-wolfey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.

And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!

REMARKS.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Easter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.

Ver. 126. Dove like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to assert her cause!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these Classes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulness, the Laureat. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the Goddess herself appears in full glory.

See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
 Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130
 As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
 In homage to the Mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
 An hundred sons, and every son a God:
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd 135
 Shall take through Grubstreet her triumphant round;
 And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
 With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
 Another D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each Alehouse, thee each Gillhouse mourn,
 And answering Gin-shops fourer sighs return.
 Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law. 150

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. in the first Edit. it was,
 Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
 And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of Law!

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] " This Gentleman is son of a considerable Master of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATION.

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In the former Edit. thus :

Lo, next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo, Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

" his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with
" Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their
" works, which has occasioned him to try his genius
" that way—He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets,
" Essays, and a great many Law books, The Accom-
" plished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c. GILES
" JACOB of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very
" grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Au-
" thor's Friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbus of Law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Respect for him, by this undeniable argument. " He had once a Regard
" for my Judgment; otherwise he never would have
" subscribed two Guineas to me, for one small book in
" octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Den-
" nis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I
" should think the appellation of Blunderbus to Mr. Ja-
" cob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in
" his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. " My writings
" having made great impression on the minds of all
" sensible men, Mr P. repented, and to give proof of
" his Repentance, subscribed to my two Volumes of

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
 Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

VARIATION.

Ver. 155, 156, are added since the first Ed.

REMARKS.

"Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature, or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] These two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in Honour and Employment. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,

"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!

"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the case,

"The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author, called The mock Æsop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:] There were several successions of these sorts of

Each Songster, Riddler, every nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
 Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
 Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll. 164
 Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 157. Each Songster, Riddler, &c.] In the former Ed.
 Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After ver. 158. in the first Ed. followed,
 How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
 How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. singing the praise
 of the Annuals flourishing for that season; whose names
 indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet flurs
 them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inserted
 after the first editions, not known to our author till he
 writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of
 Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude
 to a thing of his, intitled Night, a Poem. This low
 writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the
 Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly
 above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that
 Author's Account of English Poets, printed in a Lon-
 don Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and
 knew no language, not even French. Being advised to
 read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play,
 he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ without

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead
 Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
 Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer;
 Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear.

VARIATION.

Ver. 168. In former Ed.—and Durgen may be read.

REMARKS.

“rules.” He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Besaleel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welsted, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the Fame of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age—Encouraged by such a Combination in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most Exquisite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters—His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt—In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry. WELSTED of himself,

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull; 171
 Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

REMARKS.

Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs ruin critics of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs), and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
 The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of those microscopes of wit, Kuster, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned Languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous of the Scholiasts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apostacy of the Prebendary of Rochester, who beginning in so good a train, has now turned short to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakespeare; where we find the spirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured observations.

SCRIBL.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy usual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiast of so solid learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
 Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.

175

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
 How like in manners, and how like in mind;

180

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many Editions, stood,
 Fam'd for Good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
 Ducket for pious passion to the youth.

REMARKS.

attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intitled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
 Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
 Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
 That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
 “ Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?”
 Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
 On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram :

“ Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
 “ Came hissing out in verse ;
 “ Both were so forward, each would write,
 “ So dull, each hang an A——.
 “ Thus Amphibœna (I have read)
 “ At either end assails ;
 “ None knows which leads or which is led,
 “ For both heads are but Tails.”

After many Editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.

Ver. 184. That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers.

Ver. 187. myster wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius ; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each Science lifts its modern type, 195
History her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first Edit. it was,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrind
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!

How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!

REMARKS.

our author that honour. **WELSTED**, in *Oratory Transactions*, N. I. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind.—Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of State. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a dislike entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament in one place, as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; so set up his Oratory in New-port-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five;

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
 Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, 205
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
 Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wife abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
 But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl; 210
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 204. In former Ed.

While K * * , B * * , W * * , preach in vain.

After ver. 212. followed in former Ed.

Here too, great Woolston! here exalt thy throne,
 And prove, no miracles can match thy own.

REMARKS.

" was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but
 " still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the
 " Church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Nar-
 rative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his
 rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occur-
 rences. All this passed in the same room; where some-
 times he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he
 called the Primitive Eucharist.—This wonderful per-
 son struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his
 subscribers: the device a star rising to the meridian,
 with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM
 VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds
 a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper
 of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,] Bishops of
 Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose Sermons and

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend :
 (So may the fates preserve the years you lend)
 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame :

VARIATION.

Ver. 216. In former Ed.—or a Seraph's flame.

REMARKS.

Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, see Book ii. Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my sons, &c.] The caution against Blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,

A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame :]

Thankfully received, and freely used, is this gracious licence by the beloved disciple of that Prince of Cabalistic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinson. Hear with what honest plainness he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonstration (saith he) "founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to "each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, "these have no more to do with the greatest part of "philosophy, than they have with the Man in the Moon. "Indeed, the Zeal for this sort of Gibberish [mathematical Principles] is greatly abated of late: and "though it is now upwards of twenty years that the

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O

But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense,
 Content each Emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, 220
 Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
 But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole 225
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul;

REMARKS.

"Dagon of modern Philosophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, has lain with his face upon the ground before the Ark of God, Scripture philosophy; for so long MOSES'S PRINCIPIA have been published; and the 'Treatise of Power Essential and Mechanical, in which Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy is treated with the utmost CONTEMPT, has been published a dozen years; yet is there not one of the whole society who hath had the COURAGE to attempt to raise him up. And so let him lie."—The philosophical principles of Moses asserted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."] The hardest lesson a Dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herself, we have had a late example in a book intitled, Philosophical Essays concerning human Understanding.

Ver. 224.—not to scorn your God."] See this subject pursued in Book iv.

But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire :
 See now, what Dulness and her Sons admire !
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art. 230
 His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd) ;
 And look'd, and saw a fable Sorcerer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, 235
 And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
 Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth :
 Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

VARIATION.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the Hero was changed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 232. (Not half so pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.—" "And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a fable Sorcerer] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on Earth:] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*.

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240

Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power these wonders
wrought? 250

Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flaming gold,
A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls, 255
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light; and sets their flames on fire. 260
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;

REMARKS.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vast Egg] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

And, proud his Mistrefs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air, 265
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 266. In former Ed.

New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there.

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.

REMARKS.

Ver. 266. I see my Cibber there!] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense; but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer; only the question still seems to be, 1. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine, 275
 Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.

VARIATION.

After ver. 274. in the former Ed. followed,

For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
 "None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyself can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the Play called the Double Falsehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakespeare's; But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakespeare to have written as bad (which methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed); as for example:

"Try what Repentance can: what can it not?

"But what can it, when one cannot repent?

"—For Cogitation

"Resides not in the man who does not think, &c."

MIST'S JOURN.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakespeare.

REMARKS.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.

In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
 Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
 Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
 To me committing their eternal Praise, 280
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
 Though long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes:
 Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
 Reduc'd at last to his in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heaven! that thou my Cibber, e'er
 Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!

VARIATION.

After ver. 284. in the former Ed. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
 The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.
 'Tis the ſame rope of ſeveral ends they twiſt;
 To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.

REMARKS.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord-Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the Character of a popiſh ſucceſſor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, 290
 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 And carried off in some Dog's tail at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
 But lick up every blockhead in the way.
 Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
 And every year be duller than the last,
 Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
 Already Opera prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 290. In former Ed.

In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heaviness, &c.] In the former Ed.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;

And lick up every blockhead in the way.

Thy Dragons, Magistrates and Peers shall taste,

And from each shew rise duller than the last.

Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 297. Thee shall the patriot, thee the Courtier taste,] It stood in the first edition with blanks. * * and * *. Concannon was sure "they must needs mean" "no body but King GEORGE and Queen CAROLINE; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allusion." Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
 The third mad passion of thy doting age.
 Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
 And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
 To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
 Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
 And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
 Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.

VARIATION.

Ver. 303—306. Added with the new Hero.

REMARKS.

Ver. 305. Polypheme] He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Faustus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

Ver. 312. ensure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
 For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
 While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
 Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320
 Signs following signs lead on the mighty year,
 See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 See, see, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
 Our Midas fits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
 On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
 Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

VARIATION.

Ver. 323. See, see, our own, &c.] In the former Ed.
 Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
 Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of Plays,
 Benson sole judge of Architecture sit,
 And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for Wit!
 I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
 I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
 Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
 And Pope's translating three whole years with Broome.
 Proceed, great days! &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 313. Another Æschylus appears!] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs see Benson's titles writ!] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Ma-

See under Ripley rise a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :

REMARKS.

Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambrose Philips] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: A falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends; 33

REMARKS.

banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, have been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church has been just then restored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpension'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye-call it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributum," could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the authors only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

VARIATION.

Ver. 331. in the former Edition thus:

—O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*; in which Mr. Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of Five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of One hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all."

REMARKS.

screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her features were engraved, and sold in great numbers, her letters written, books of letters and verses to her, published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and cries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his vanity, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of his motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*.

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.] The author here plainly laments that he was long employed in translating and commenting. He

Proceed, great days ! till learning fly the shore,
 Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
 Till Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play,
 Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
 Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
 And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port ?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 338. in a former Edit. were the following lines :

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
 See, the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
 She comes ! the Cloud-compelling power, behold !
 With Night primæval, and with Chaos old.
 Lo ! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
 Light dies before her uncreating word.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off th' ætherial plain ;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest ;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.
 See sculking Truth in her old cavern lie,
 Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry :
 Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more :
 See Physic beg the Stagyrte's defence !
 See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense !

REMARKS.

began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days ! &c.] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in

Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

VARIATIONS.

See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

REMARKS.

Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: But do not thou, gentle reader, feel too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great Part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single Water-Rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers of all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.

SCRIBL.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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T H E
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BOOK THE FOURTH.

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in

form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors, one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the Antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him: but Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who has deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She

recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: the Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

B O O K IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
 Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent,
 As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
 Ye Powers! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote every Brain, and wither'd every Bay; 10

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in Subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in anywise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. BENT

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be reunited to her. SCRIBL

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bower,
 The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
 Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
 To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
 Of dull and venal a new World to mold, 15
 And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud conceal'd,

In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
 Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines. 20

REMARKS.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral; the distinction between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science; venal to the destruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her Laureate son reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was

Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.

REMARKS.

transacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many King-consorts have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as self-dom asleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, "the reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth." Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that my Face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure bait ad captandum vulgus, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate?

BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-stool, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the God-

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
 There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
 His blunted Arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
 And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
 Chicane in Furs, and Casuistry in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
 Mad Máthesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
 But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;

REMARKS.

Dulness leads in Captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like Wit, Opera alone supplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister Satire held her head:
 Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse

REMARKS.

Ver. 39. But sober History] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life recording the crimes and punishments of the great, the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the Goddesses, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance shewn to History on this occasion. But the boldness of SATIRE springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'st thou, &c.] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and un-

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;
 By singing Peers upheld on either hand,
 She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand: 50
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.
 O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

REMARKS.

"common eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them; but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author, and myself, concerning the True Reading of certain passages. BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a Harlot form] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance, that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,

"The sure forerunner of her gentle sway."

Ver. 54. Let Division reign:] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. Han-

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
 Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouze, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summon'd to the Throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of Head:

REMARKS.

del had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus, which proved so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above-mentioned.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men abso-

None want a place, for all their Centre found,
 Hung to the Goddesses, and coher'd around.
 Not closer orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80
 The gathering number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
 With-hold the Pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred Gown;
 Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.

REMARKS.

entely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddesses, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dunces, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers; discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muses Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 10
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.

What! no respect, he cried, for Shakespeare's page?

REMARKS.

Ver. 108—bow'd from side to side:] As being of one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benson] This man endeavoured raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, Milton; and afterwards by as great a passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch Physician's Version of the Psalm of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent Knight] An eminent person who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of great Author at his own expence.

But (happy for him as the times went then) 115

Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,

To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulnefs smiling,—“ Thus revive the Wits !

But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120

As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)

A new edition of old Æson gave ;

Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies borne,

Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.

And you, my Critics ! in the chequer'd shade, 125

Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.

“ Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,

A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own ;

REMARKS.

Ver. 115, &c.] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last Edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should be published.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of Learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers ; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances ; or by setting up Monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave,] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page,] Pagina, not Pedissequus. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant :

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick.
 So by each Bard, an Alderman shall sit,
 A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit,

REMARKS.

no Poet having had a Page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] Vid. the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

Ibid.—an Alderman shall sit,] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit, How unnatural an Image, and how ill supported! said Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit shall hang at every Lord,
 something might have been said, in an Age so distinguished for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor Author of Hudibras, whose body, long since weighed down to the Grave, by a load of Debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his Spirit; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned Critic, could boast of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung; whereas the Editor has picked it out of his own.

Aristarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himself had been struggling, and but just shaken off his Load when he wrote the following Epigram:

“ My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with
 “ gardens,
 “ Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
 “ But he's my neighbour, cries the Peer polite,
 “ And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
 “ What? on compulsion? and against my Will,
 “ A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill.”

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first Address. 136

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,

But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand

Held forth by Virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,

Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.

O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;

Eaton and Winton shake through all their Sons.

All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145

Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:

The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,

And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

REMARKS.

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and Wit in finding out their likenesses, so the Dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the Fop flourishes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praise, Addresses, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane usually borne by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury.

SCRIBL.

Then thus, Since Man from Beast by Words
known,

Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone. 15

When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 15

As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,

We ply the memory, we load the brain,

Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;

And keep them in the pale of Words till death. 16

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,

We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:

A Poet the first day, he dips his quill;

And what the last? a very Poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 16

Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.

There truant WINDHAM every Muse gave o'er,

There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!

How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!

How many Martials were in PULTENEY lost! 17

Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,

In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,

REMARKS.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

“ Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.” Perf.

Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.
 Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign! 175
 Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again;
 To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180
 For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitray Sway.
 O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
 Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
 That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain, 185
 Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

REMARKS.

Ver. 174. that Master-piece of Man.] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, "An Epic poem is the greateſt work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle JAMES, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this King, James the Firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of Sacred Majeſty, which his loyal Clergy transferred from God to him. "The Principles of Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance (ſays the Author of the Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.), which before his time had ſkulked perhaps in ſome old Homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

May you, my Cam, and Ifis, preach it long,
 "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.
 Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
 Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a fable shoal: 19
 Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
 A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
 Nor wert thou, Ifis! wanting to the day,
 [Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
 Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock, 19
 Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.

REMARKS.

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. BENTLEY

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1702 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerfdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBLER

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent Scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

REMARKS.

After than that rule of criticism, which directs us to
keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity ac-
companies it (and sure there is no absurdity in sup-
posing a Logician on horseback), yet still I must needs
think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horses,
nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned
Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were
forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men,
though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a
trick of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an
example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant,
bourgeois, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse, UN GROSS CHE-
VAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of
commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though
awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representa-
tion; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was
often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength;
ἵππολάπαθον, ἵππόγλωσσον, ἵππομάραθρον, and particu-
larly ἵππογινώσκον, a great connoisseur, which comes
nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

[Ver. 199. the streams] The river Cam, running by
the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly fa-
mous for their skill in disputation.

[Ver. 202. sleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired into har-
bour, after the tempests that had long agitated his so-
ciety." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei
understands it of a certain Wine called Port, from
Porto, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor in-
vited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Com-
positionibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Mas-
sachus inclineth the sagacious Annotator on Dr. King's
Advice to Horace."]

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
 His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 20
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown? 21
 The mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again. 22

REMARKS.

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our Author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our reader's ability.

SCRIBL

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime, but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words “make it prose again,” plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls *Πρὸς ἵππων ἐλάμνα*, all prose on horse-back.

SCRIBL

Roman and Greek Grammarians ! know your Better :
 Author or something yet more great than Letter ;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At, 220
 To found or sink in cano O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.

REMARKS.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than Letter ;] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it something more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written : Had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a Mistake : For, as a venerable sage observeth, Words are the counters of Wisemen, but the money of fools ; so that we see their property was indeed concerned.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the

Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic Eye, that Microscope of Wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :

REMARKS.

name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words : *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christchurch—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words ; the second a minute Critic ; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

How parts relate to parts, or they to whole; 235
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.

Ah, think not, Mistrefs ! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
 Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
 And much Divinity without a Næ.

Nor could a BARROW work on every block, 245
 Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
 See ! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
 And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read : 250
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
 And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.

What though we let some better sort of fool 255
 Thrud ev'ry science, run through every school ?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

REMARKS.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow,
 Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-
 church, both great Geniuses and eloquent Preachers;
 one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other
 in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care
 to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce :
 Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, 265
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind.
 Then take him to develop if you can,
 And hew the Block off, and get out the Man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.

REMARKS.

Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other.

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And tittering push'd the Pedants off the place:

Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.

The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280

When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,

A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. As if he saw St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor above-said. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or to do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least, that we have never afterwards any occasion for the Priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began.

SCRIBL.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake: 285
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
 Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.
 Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
 Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 295
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way:

REMARKS.

Ver. 286.—the blessing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seem'd to be prayed for. And after many strange Conceits not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316 where the Orator, speaking of his pupil, says, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd,
 which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wish'd her son might be a Rake, as well knowing that its attendant Blessings would follow of course.

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her filken sons;
 Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian arts, Italian Souls: 300
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
 To Isles of Fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 305
 Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps,
 Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw every Court, heard every King declare
 His royal Sense, of Operas or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 315
 Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

REMARKS.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] These two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no small risque to eat through those extraordinary compo-

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more; 320
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound;
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 325
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more. 330
 Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores

REMARKS.

sitions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a Solo in his head;] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology. Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.

BENTL.

Ver. 326. Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of Plays; who, though not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the Education of Youth; and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the most important their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero and the Dame, 335
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense or shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loiterers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend. 340

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd, on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed 345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep, 351
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,

REMARKS.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering Courtly Squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.

Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.

Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;

Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,

Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;

Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;

To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,

Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;

Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;

Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-re-
nown'd,

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

REMARKS.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all Images and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniusus made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but pro-

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head :

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes ? Traitor base ! 375
Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race.

REMARKS.

ably referred to the Roman General of that name, who
burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to
the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, " that if any were
lost or broken, he should procure others to be made
in their stead ;" by which it should seem (whatever
may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

[Ibid. — Fool-renown'd] A compound epithet in the
Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for
making Fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whose body
was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his
pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the
Ptolemaics. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a
wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria,
and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius ; for proof
of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where
an accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw
the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he)
with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he
wishes to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it
in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes ? &c.] The
strange story following, which may be taken for a fic-
tion of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's
Travels. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Sy-
rian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming
from the Levant, where he had been collecting various
coins, and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swal-
lowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque
took him from the Rover, and he got to land with
them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two
physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One ad-

True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise:
 More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
 When Saltee Rovers chas'd him on the deep. 380
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian Gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annus) this our paunch before
 Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 390
 To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:

REMARKS.

vised Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, Whether the Medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witness great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose Horns they wore on their Medals.

There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddesses smiling seem'd to give consent ; 395
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as Locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower. 400

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flower, 405
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and shower :
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass and nam'd it CAROLINE :
Each maid cried, Charming ! and each youth, Divine !

REMARKS.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A physician of great Learning and no less Taste ; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising : Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammer-smith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, 411
 Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze !
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No maid cries, Charming ! and no youth, Divine !
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the
 Queen :

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silvery wing 421
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bower 425
 The rising game, and chac'd from flower to flower.
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
 It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 430
 Rose or Carnation was below my care ;
 I meddle, Goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize ;
 Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye, 435
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless Butterfly.

My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your
 parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.

But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
 The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
 A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
 Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd; 445
 The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
 The Mind in Metaphysics at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss; 450
 The head that turns at superlunar things,
 Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
 And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies!
 See Nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
 And let the Author of the whole escape;

VARIATION.

Ver. 441. The common Soul, &c.] in the first Edit. thus:

Of Souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
 And most but find that centinel of God,
 A drowsy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.

Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Mystery, yet divinely dark ; 460
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
Let others creep by timid steps and flow, 465
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride ! 470
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can :

REMARKS.

Ver. 462. When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See Craig's *Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago ; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddess ; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place; 475
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in Self, and but for Self be born : 480
 Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
 Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee :
 Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 485
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 Wild through Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves ; 490
 That NATURE our Society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against Atheism was well intended. But how must the Reader smile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a Wolf in England as an Atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he so well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found Atheist, he always read it A Theist. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A judicious Apologist for Dr. Clarke, against Mr. Whif-

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snap'd his box, and strok'd his belly down, 495
 Rosy and reverend, though without a Gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame.
 Then thus. From Priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! every finish'd Son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;

REMARKS.

ton, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of Expression, It is a most certain truth that the Demonstration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and banished Atheism out of the Christian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. Here we see it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeses was the monster-queller: But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. First slave to words, &c.] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of Words only in Schools; subjects them to the authority of Systems in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of Party distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind; as it establishes Self-love for the sole Principle of Action.

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen!
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth :

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in Pension, or in Punk! 510

So K *, so B * *, sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W * *, nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now ? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast! 515
 Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies; 520

REMARKS.

Ver. 506. smil'd on by a Queen!] i. e. This Queen
 or Goddess of Dulness.

Ver. 517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here be-
 ginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES
 of the Goddess, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver.
 5. promised to sing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former Friends,] Surely there
 little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside
 an useless Friendship. For of all the accommodations
 of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable,
 so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It
 fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and re-
 spect; and at the same time is ready to give place to
 every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.

SCRIBL.

A Feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his Country, every thing;
 And nothing left but Homage to a King!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
 To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
 But, sad example! never to escape
 Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
 Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

REMARKS.

Ver. 523, 524. Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons^r. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a Monarchy: “Where (says he) there is no such thing as Love of our Country, the Interest, the Glory, and Service of the Prince, supply its place.” *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author speaks indeed a little more disrespectfully; which for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, “*L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimère; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité.*” *Boulaingvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.

Ver. 528. still keep the human shape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Her's, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.

Ver. 529. But she, good Goddess, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape

And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;

525 But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint, 535
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
530 And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.

No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.

Great C * * , H * * , P * * , R * * , K * , 545
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!

The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550

REMARKS.

Another to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others
appudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flat-
teries of their dependants, presents the false colours of
Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle
Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any
fame. Each of which species is here shadowed under
allegorical persons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.]
e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or
her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead
ing to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-interest, &c. and
the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleasures of Opera, and
the Table.

SCRIBL.

Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
 And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
 The board with specious miracles he loads,
 Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
 Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555
 Explains the Seve and Verdeur of the Vine.

REMARKS.

Ver. 553. The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. Speciosa miracula (says he), according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a Priest, and soon after called a Sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with Libation and Song.

SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly "Pigeons en crapeau" were a common dish.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

"Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur

"Villandri priseroit sa Seve et sa Verdeur."

Déspreaux.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?

Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?

With French Libation, and Italian Strain,

Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560

KNIGHT lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,

To three essential Partridges in one?

Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,

Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565

The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.

Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,

Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,

REMARKS.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champagne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of "Bladen is a black man," is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 567. Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court.]

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has distinguished: or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

570

REMARKS.

modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's-Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such Mushrooms, a Gentleman of the last Edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dulness against Shakespeare, and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in the Tempest, hath now happily finished the Dunce's progress, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubstreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulness of these Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a Gentleman of the "last Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the last Edition of the Dunciad. Since Gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our Poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

"A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

For the satire extends much farther than to the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good Education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless Band

Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :

Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast.

Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one

575

Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,

The last, not least in honour or applause,

Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.

Then blessing all, Go, Children of my care !

To Practice now from Theory repair.

580

All my commands are easy, short, and full :

My Sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne :

This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

REMARKS.

" Of ever-listless Loiterers, that attend

" No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend ;"

Who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life ; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted for those of social, become fit for nothing : and so turn Wits and Critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race : He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons ; where Taciturnity is the only essential Qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon,] A sort of Laybrothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Masons.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace; 585
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to filk Arachne's subtile line; 590

REMARKS.

of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The Goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists in joining with those Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, John of Leyden, King of Munster, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, General of his Horse and Hangman. And had but Fortune seconded his great schemes of Reformation, it is said, he would have established his whole Household on the same reasonable footing. SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's subtile line;] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil. Transl.

The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
 The Bishop stow (Pontifick Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more: 600
 And, nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for first Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE
 LAND! 604
 More she had spoke, but yawn'd — All Nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?

REMARKS.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance, intituled, A call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?] This verse is truly Homeric; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn; but we must consider it as the Yawn of a God,

Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd :
 (St. James's first, for leaden G — preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610

REMARKS.

and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a Roar; but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddesses: Then the Convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the Yawn; (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak;] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore beware, Reader, lest thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddesses; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton

Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm :
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept ; 615
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept ;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign !
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620

REMARKS.

Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping ; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked, and despised. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have short Memories,] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' ἔπ' ἀν' μυθήσομαι ἔδ' διοκῆνω,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μῆσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
 Θυγαῖρες, μνησαίαθ' —

And Virgil, *Æn.* vii.

“ Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis :

“ Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.”

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this Task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed.

SCRIBL.

Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;
 What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong—

625

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Power.
 She comes! she comes! the fable Throne behold
 Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!

630

REMARK.

Ver. 624. The Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a Problem worthy the solution of Mr. Ralph and his Patron, who had lights that we know nothing of, ——— Which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet the Venal. For though the Venal may be more unruly than the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to intrance than barely to quiet.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 629. She comes! she comes! &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our Poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company.

Ibid. The fable Throne behold] The fable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one at dread Medea's strain, 635
 The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after Art goes out, and all is Night: 640
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. in the former Ed. it stood thus:

Philosophy, that reach'd the Heavens before,
 Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing superficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he the Poet himself had been misled.

REMARKS.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bot-

Physic of Metaphysic begs defence, 645
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
 See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
 Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires. 650
 Nor public Flame, nor private dares to ſhine:
 Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpſe divine!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
 Light dies before thy uncreating word:
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
 And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

tom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,] Bluſhing as well at the memory of the paſt overflow of Dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and deſiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the preſent; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurprize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



By the A U T H O R.

A D E C L A R A T I O N.

W H E R E A S certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the Spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now, we having

carefully revised this our Dunciad, ^a beginning with the Words The mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily with our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention

^a Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood: Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind): The Editor himself confessed as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise Lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his Editor twelve; this Author gave four books, his Editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

Prefi
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A P P E N D I X.

I.

P R E F A C E

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three Books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER ^a to the READER.

[It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the Public in general

^a The Publisher] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Dürgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies) determined to

afford it a most quiet reception : and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness

own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power ; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows :

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common Newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise ; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled License of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age ; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of mankind ; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them ; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad ; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design.

done to themselves : whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chanced to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scriblers, bookfellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with ^b pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the Character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a ^c hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new

^b Pamphlets, advertisements, &c.] See the List of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem.

^c about a hundred thousand] It is surprizing with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) " Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of Praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the ^d author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked ^e no man living, who had not before printed, or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possess'd of it, is no concern to the reader: but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

^d The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

^e The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly ^f nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full ^g six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction

^f There is certainly nothing in his style, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.

^g the labour of full six years, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life, &c." So also Ward, pref. to Dungen, "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned, to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.

and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as would seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

“ O mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,
“ Duncia! ^h”

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem, which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil the *Æneid*, of Camoens the *Lusiad*, we may pronounce, could have been and can be, no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is stiled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroic disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the Names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed

^h The prefacer to Curll's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: “ By a quibble on the word Duncia, the Dunciad is formed.” Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

from day to day ; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them : since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names ; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST of BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD ; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satirical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger : containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a

word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Duckett esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Duckett esq; printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a Player, supervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate : or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, Folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana ; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times ; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis ; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verfes, Letters, Effays, or Advertisements, in the public Prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concannon.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Daily Journal, March 29. A letter about Therfites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Therfites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters,

and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concannen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner.—“ The Confederates, a farce. “ By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the “ Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powell's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put “ into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard “ Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this “ Book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.”) And so of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, “ That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels “ and Advertisements was forged and untrue : that “ all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's “ praise ; and nothing against him published, but “ by Mr. Theobald.”]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad ; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after], printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll, 12mo, price 6 d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concannen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concannen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for those kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope.-- Letter to Mr. Theobald in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen : A plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "any thing which any body should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Duckett, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into One Epistle, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verfes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire] Printed for J. Roberts folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y]. Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be fufficient to fay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *DUNCIAD*, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have flipt into it, but a vaft number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only fet at length, but juftified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to ufe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preferve the innocent from any falfe application; whereas in the

former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very Obscurity of the Persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the Persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment

can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions ; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing ; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when
printed separately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the Library of a late eminent nobleman ; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it : And from the decla-

ration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than *Tucca* and *Varius* for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: In which we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the Names of the Authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since

finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal Reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving This Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable Hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the Laurel: But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a Vanity! and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse : we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason ; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no Wit, or Poet, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from Monarchy, poetry, and good sense^a. A true republican son of monarchical Church^b. A republican Atheist^c. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last^d.

In the Poem called Abfalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, the KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole NATION and its RE-

^a Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 6.

^b Pag. 38.

^c Pag. 192.

^d Pag. 8.

VII.

A

P A R A L L E L

OF THE

C H A R A C T E R S

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning^a. Some call him a Popish whig, which is directly inconsistent^b. Pope, as a Papist, must be a tory and high flyer^c. He is both whig and tory^d.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments^e.

In his Miscellanies, the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses

^a Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.

^b Dunciad dissected. ^c Pref. to Gulliveriana.

^d Dennis, Character of Mr. P.

^e Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

PRESENTATIVES notoriously libelled. It is scandalum magnatum, yea of MAJESTY itself ^e.

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor ^f. His very christianity may be questioned ^g. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own reflections on others ^h: With as good a right as His Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility ⁱ.

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre ^k. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question ^l.

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil ^m; and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator ⁿ. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of

^e Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. ^f Ibid. ^g Milbourne, p. 9. ^h Ibid. p. 175. ⁱ Pag. 39. ^k Whip and Key, Pref. ^l Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84. ^m Milbourne, p. 2. ⁿ Pag. 35.

of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL^f.

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the sacred Writings^g. His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles^h. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less Infallibility, than his Namesake at Romeⁱ.

Mr. POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit^k. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse^l.

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene^m. He has no Admirers, among those that can distinguish, discern, and judgeⁿ.

^f List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. ^g Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ^h Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. ⁱ Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. ^k Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728. ^l Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. ^m Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. ⁿ Ib. p. 14.

words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression^o.

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. Busby would have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase^p. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly^q. The Translator is mad: every line betrays his Stupidity^r. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author^s. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but εἰχωρ for εἰχωρ must be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press^t. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use^u.

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subscribers^w.

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and

^o Milb. p. 22, and 192.

^q Pag. 203.

^r Pag. 19.

^t Pag. 78.

^u Pag. 144. 190.

^p Page 72.

^s Pag. 206.

^w Pag. 67.

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p. 91.
q D
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vot

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction, and the Harmony of his Versification—But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions °.

Mr. P O P E understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little ^p. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek ^q. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question ^r. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies ^s.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it ^t.

Mr. P O P E tricked his Subscribers.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: But it is

° Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom.

p. 91. ^p Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.

^q Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. ^r Suppl. to the

Profound, Pref. ^s Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism,

p. 66. ^t Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partiality and unreasonably celebrated Name^x. “Poetis quidlibet audendi” shall be Mr. Dryden’s Motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets^y.

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dressed up in a gawdy gown—Whips put into an Ape’s paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him^z.

An ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all^a.

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro’s Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox^b.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden’s own Courage^c.

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ: And if I mistake not, I’ve read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty^d.

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool^e—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads^f.

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden^g.

^x Milb. p. 192.
Key, Pref.

^y Pag. 125.

^z Whip and

^a Milb. p. 105.

^b Pag. 11.

^c Pag. 176.

^d Pag. 57.

^e Whip and Key, Pr.

^f Milb. p. 34.

^g Ibid. p. 35.

too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of^u. Pope has been concerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookfellers^w.

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and initial and final letters of his surname, viz. A P E, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face^x, &c.

An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass^y.

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox^z.

A COWARD.] A lurking, way-laying Coward^a.

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty^b.

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer.

A THING.] A little abject Thing^d.

^u Homerides, p. 1, &c.

^w British Journal, Nov.

25, 1727.

^x Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.

^y Dennis's Rem. on Hom. Pref.

^z Dennis's

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^a Char.

of Mr. P. p. 3.

^b Ibid.

^c Dennis's Rem.

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^d Ibid. p. 8.

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